The Goodest Boy

Man, the sunset was beautiful at the beach. Garam's dick was beautiful, too. He ignored the sound of laughter and partying in the woods behind him, as he balanced himself on the picnic table.

The dark furred wolf's knees shook slightly with the tension, as he thrust his hips upwards, holding the cell phone in one hand. His dick was held in the other. With his ass on the table itself and him leaning back, he tried to capture the perfect angle.

"Suzie's gonna love this," He mumbled, beer wafting from his breath. If his legs weren't so shaky, or if he wasn't so drunk, he would have been done already, but the sun and his dick just kept moving out of alignment. He stroked his hose again, all fourteen inches of thick pink shaft leading up to a rounded, smooth glans that barely bulged out further than the dense salami itself. He grinned as a pearl of precum oozed up out of the tip, and carefully tried to line up the two again.

Something pattered through the sand behind him, and he half expected one of his friends to dump a drink on him 'as a surprise', but as long as he got this shot, he didn't care. If he got this shot right, Suzie was guaranteed to be riding his shlong tonight, and after a month of saving up, his aching balls felt like they were going to burst.

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Duke circled around the picnic table, the labrador's big paws kicking up sand as he bounced happily around it. He had heard interesting sounds, smelled interesting smells, and that was enough for him to carefully unlatch the garden fence and escape the backyard of his owner's house.

Garam was the first of the new friends that Duke had come across, and he WANTED to bark a greeting to him. He was a good boy though, and he knew better than to be obnoxious, so he circled around the table that the guy was precariously balancing on. He paused, standing in front of him, staring up at the big, heavy-looking cock that the wolf was casually stroking out. It was BIG! A slab of meat like that would be a lot of fun to gnaw on. Duke hadn't been fed in... forever, probably, and he could definitely wolf down that massive pink dick. Getting to it would be a problem, though, with the wolf holding it and squeezing it and such not.

As the wolf shifted a little bit more, though, the wolf's heavily swollen testicles were edged just over the side of the picnic table. Two big, meaty boulders in a soft furred sack, they slouched down underneath the edge of the table. Totally out of sight of the guy on his back.

Duke licked his chops, his long pink tongue slicing along black lips, and drool oozing from the corners of his mouth. The saliva started flowing as soon as those fat oranges slid into view.

Duke *loved* balls. Catching them, chomping them, eating them, balls were the best, and Duke hadn't had balls to play with in ages. He slunk back around the back of the picnic table, as the wolf on it complained about smearing something.

"Suzie you better fuckin' appreciate the work I'm doing here," Garam said above, as Duke slunk between the picnic table legs. Above him, two fattened tennis ball-sized eggs dangled heavy and loose-slung in their furry sack. Duke slapped his tongue up, tasting the salty crease between the two big nuts.

Ohhhh yeah, they were delicious. There was a surprised grunt from above the table, as Duke began licking along the back of the two eggs. Long tongue flicking out, curling around the side, the widest tip of his tongue slapping against the broad front of the sack, then tugging back and sending the balls spinning.

He lapped at them again, his tail wagging into a frenzy as the salty musky flavor of BALLS permeated his brain. He loved them. He wanted them. He had to have them!

Garas had no idea what was going on, under the table - was Bear playing a joke on him? The framing was finally perfect, though. Instead of interrupting it to figure out what was going on, he pressed the button on the phone, catching the shot of the sun 'setting' into the very tip of his dick, where a bead of precum caught and refracted the light perfectly. The silhouette of the beef of his shaft . He pressed the button, catching the shot perfectly, as something grabbed hold of his nuts and yanked.

Duke was that something. He had licked and slobbered all over the dangling balls, playfully opening his jaws side and feinting to grab at them. The more he licked, the looser they got, huge stones sagging down lower and lower. They always did that, when he licked them. The neck thinned as the weight of the wolf's prized virility stretched it like taffy, cords and skin stretching with a soft tingling sensation that Garam barely noticed. Duke certainly noticed. He had played with enough BALLS to know how far they could droop, before they were at risk of falling into the dirt.

Not that dirty balls had ever stopped Duke, of course, but the fun was in catching something BEFORE it hit the ground. He took a step back, admiring the balls one last time. They were gleaming, the fur on them having been wiped away by the dog's spit, and the flesh was puffy and reddened, the swollen nuts even bigger without their fur than they had looked with it. That puffiness was only on the outside, though - the inside was just as dense and full and ripe as they could be.

They tasted great, they were fun to play with, what wasn't there to love about BALLS?

So he ate them. The yellow lab's jaws opened again, and turning his head sideways, he wrapped his teeth around the neck of Garam's scrotum. He didn't recognize this fella, but surely if Duke was doing something wrong, he would reach down and stop him, right? And maybe if Duke had given Garam a second or more to react, he would have. Duke didn't, though. He bit down, teeth nestling between each other and shearing through the flesh between them. The fat balls dangled out one side of his mouth, and Duke yanked back, pulling the whole scrotum free. A bit of resistance, and then they just came off, leaving the neutered wolf with just a bare patch of skin where his prized boys had so recently been dangling.

Duke backed out from under the picnic table, a pound or so of wolf meat caught in his jaws. BALLS! He tossed his treat up into the air, as soon as he was free of the table, appreciating (as only dogs can) the gentle spin of the severed scrotum as it flew majestically through the air. Duke jumped, jaws fiendishly wide, and caught the entire scrotum between them.

The big nuts filled his jaws, but Duke wasn't licking or tasting them now, he was EATING, and he gulped them down. The twin nuts sank down along his throat, the bulge of them visible for a moment as he cantered into the woods, towards the sounds of the others who were still intact. Behind him, a startled yelp of shock and dismay as Garam realized what that peculiar sensation of lack represented.

Duke bounded into the woods, where the diminishing light from the setting sun was being replaced with the glare of a fresh bonfire. Duke skidded to a stop at the treeline, staring in awe.

Had he died? Had he gone to ball heaven?

All around, bottomless males chatted, playing games and tossing horseshoes, or getting drinks at a crudely assembled tiki bar. Some slipped out along trails together, holding hands. There were so many BALLS! The scent of dozens of male musks called out to him, his drooling tongue flopping out of his mouth. The wolf's heavy fruits were already forgotten, digesting in his stomach as he picked out the next friend to say hi to.

Loping carefully behind the brush, Duke weaved his way towards the tiki bar. It was a folding table with some torches on either side. Two lawn chairs in front, and an old metal bar-stool covered in rust rested in front of the bar, where a tall, chestnut pelted stallion shook up a minty drink. The horse was being stared at by the lone 'customer' of the bar, a leopard with a dixie cup. The stallion swirled and danced as he performed for his customer, the leopard giggling and staring at the horse's long, dark, dusky hose as it swung around between his legs.

"You're SOOO good at that," the leopard gushed, leaning back against the tree next to the bar, batting his eyes demurely to the bartender. "I wish I could do that, but my fingers are so short and stubby. Not like you at all, Gerald."

Gerald rolled his eyes, as a labrador slunk out of the bushes behind the leopard. The lean frame of the feline naturally led the eyes to the tight, slight abs, and below that, to the massive testicles that hung down between the cheetah's thighs. His dick was hard, pointing up a good six or so inches towards his chin, but those balls, like heavy Kent mangoes, just dangled. They were covered in a short-cropped soft peach fuzz, and the dog seemed interested in it. He immediately jammed his cool nose into the left testicle, flicking his tongue out and lapping against the fat nuts.

The leopard glanced down at the dog in surprise, as the canine eagerly licked and lapped against his heavy nuts. They spun left and right, one rubbing against the other, as the yellow Lab lapped at them frenetically. He blushed as his dick throbbed - it wasn't that it was sexual, he just liked the feeling of his balls being played with!

He didn't notice that the soft golden fuzz on his nuts were gone, that the skin was already reddened as it reacted with the spit of the dog's mouth, and how the big nuts inside his scrotum were practically visible as they pushed through the too-stretched skin, threatening to push right through the weakening tissue.

"Um, who's dog is this?" The leopard asked. He reached down, to push against the dog's head, and the canine pulled back, stopping its licking. "Anyone?"

Nobody was paying attention to the leopard, though. Gerald the stallion had turned around to get another bottle of rum, and the leopard was looking out across the campfire, when Duke dipped under that petting hand.

The huge balls slotted between his jaws, and as the neck of the cat's scrotum pushed into the corner of his lips, he slapped his jaws together. Chomp! YANK!

SHRRRRIP! The sensation of having his entire scrotum yanked off made the leopard's toes splay, kicking out in either direction as he made a soft "OH!" sound. He looked down, past his erection, to the smooth spot where his balls had used to be. The dog - and his balls - were gone!

They'd gone around the corner, anyways. Duke tossed the nut-sack into the air, just as he had with the wolf's, and headbutted it. One huge egg flew out of the open end, gleaming softly in the light of the setting sun, before Duke snatched it out of the air. Gulp. The bulk of it made his tail wag, as he eagerly burrowed and snuffled his head into the scrotum to nip at the other swollen nut and tug it out into the open. Slurp, snap, GULP. It followed the first - all the seed, all the virility, the leopard's entire masculinity sagging down into that hot, squishy stomach to be broken down.

"You okay?" Gerald asked, as he turned back around to see the leopard with a ghostly look on his face.

"My..." The leopard said, gesturing between his legs. Gerald leaned forward, against the table, grunting as his long, limp dick rested against the stacked crates of beer behind the bar. His fist-sized testicles tightened slightly as he realized what was missing between the femmeboy's legs.

"Oh, damn," The horse said. "What, were they falsies?" He tried not to laugh, it was just so silly, the leopard's balls had clearly been too large for his frame.

Something licked against the back of his ball-sack, tentatively, like a sweat drop rolling up instead of down in the cleavage of those dark red-furred eggs.

"No, they were real, and now they're just... gone? I think the dog took them?!" The leopard said, flabbergasted and a little embarrassed.

Duke lapped against the stallion's sweaty rounded orbs. Heavy and potent, firm and solid like rocks, he very well couldn't leave these BALLS out of his stomach for too long. They were resting on either side of the stallion's long, dangling shaft, and Duke lapped slow and quick along the crease between them, then up over the top. Lapping back and forth, as if making a cross of spit that separated the balls from each other and the horse's groin.

The scrotum dangled, big balls sliding down either side of the horse's dong, the scrotum stretching and coating the underside of that dick like melted chocolate. The dog lapped again, the stallion turning around finally to look down and behind him.

"Oh, that's not Cindy," he said, dumbfoundedly, watching the wagging butt of the lab as he lapped and licked at the horse's backsack. He could feel the growing pressure, like a blanket was being drawn down along his dick, the balls tickling and itching as they sagged lower and lower and lower. Then the dog's tail paused, and he felt a hard nudge upwards, the dog slapping his nose up under Gerald's left nut to bounce it up into the air.

The snap of teeth around his nut made the stallion grunt, though it wasn't painful. "What in the-"

"Is it the dog?!" The leopard asked, and Gerald tried to turn around, lifting up one leg to swing it over the dog's body.

Of course, he had no idea that Duke had already snagged that bounced nut, tugging it and some of the stallion's scrotum free like a long wad of taffy. That big dick swung over Duke's head as the dog gulped down its mouthful, then grinned up to the stallion with his tongue lolling out and an empty mouth.

"Yeah it's a dog, he's doing something weird," The stallion said, as he reached down to the ball that had been snagged. His fingers went through air. The ball was gone. He cupped against the soft, empty scrotum that was damp and squishy - it seemed to have fused together where it had been pulled loose, just a wet squishy blob of pre. His ball was gone.

The dog's jaws gaped, and the horse's butt slammed back against the bar as the dog lunged, grabbing the other one. The ball distended between his jaws as he bit, and then pulled his head savagely to the side, pulling the entire scrotum free of Gerald's groin with a tug.

"I.. fuck!" The gelding said, watching stupefied as his big horse ball was gobbled down. He stroked under his long, thick dick, feeling the bald spot where his balls had been. "He... ate my nuts!"

Brock stretched out on the rope hammock, eyes closed and enjoying the tortured creaks of the rope as it strained to hold his huge frame up from the ground. It was his party, and he was trashed, the bull dizzy as he sprawled out in the netting.

Completely nude, his huge ham-like thighs were spread wide, polished black hooves hooked on either side of the netting, he was enjoying the night. Many of his friends were here, and he could hear them laughing, chatting and moaning in the niches and corners of the campsite they had rented.

He couldn't believe he was getting married tomorrow! Finally! After years of waiting, Melissa was finally, Finally ready to settle down and bear him some calves. Brock reached down and cupped against his sack, rubbing his palm gently against the top of the dense, firm rocks that filled up his scrotum. He hadn't even jerked off in the last two weeks, and these puppies were packed.

He slid his hand up, to wrap around the bulk of his thick, soft brown dick. He didn't grip it, as much as he just rested his hand along it, feeling it throb hopefully against his touch.

"Not yet, buddy," Brock said, eyes closed, giving it a soft squeeze. "Tomorrow night, you're gonna be ~raw~."

Something rubbed against his butt, making the hammock sway. He opened his eyes and peered to that side, but there was nobody there.

Another bump, this time along his shoulders, and he craned his head to the other side, to see who was bumping against him. There was a blur of movement in his peripheral vision. He craned further, his legs twisting to keep his balance on the hammock. Unfortunately, doing so adjusted things just right, that Brock's ovoid testes were able to slide a little lower between his thighs, and the netting stretched just wide enough that the left one slipped through it. The big nut dangled underneath the hammock, its size and weight catching the attention of whatever it was that nudged against him.

Brock grabbed for his other nut, but he was a little too drunk, a little too clumsy. He grunted as the weight of his palm thumped into the top of his egg, jamming the second nut down through the webbing of the hammock as well. Brock sat up, and his hooves slipped, and the hammock twanged back to normal.

"Aww, dangit," the bull groused, staring at his balls on the other side of the hammock. They were too big to slide back through normally, he was going to need some help in pushing them up, someone to grab them from the other side.

Maybe the person with the long tongue that was currently licking against the neck of his scrotum? He could see the long pink tongue, lapping and licking, smearing drool all over the soft dark skin of the neck of his scrotum, the slick pleasant feeling tingling in an unusual way.

"Okay, okay, who is that... you trying to keep yourself hidden? Come on, dude, you know I don't swing that way anymore," Brock said.

"Hey, scram, ya mutt!" A familiar voice said. Brock groaned, as the tongue slipped away, and something bounded off into the bushes. "Brock, seriously?"

Brock tightened his lips. Party over. It was Dale. The sleek stag was leaning against a nearby oak, arms folded nearly over his chest, with the last few rays of the sunlight gleaming against his straining silk underwear. The snug briefs were gripping around every curve of the stud's cock and plump sheath, and Dale was definitely, obviously showing off his new pair. "Hey Dale. You figured out where the party was, eh?"

"I did," the stag said, pushing himself away from the tree. "I'm not mad at you for not inviting me." He sniffed as he glanced around, "And I guess I can't blame you for such, ahh, rustic nature of this celebration. I guess not everyone can really appreciate the appeal of champagne and caviar.'

Brock rolled his eyes. "What do you want, Dale?"

Dale stepped closer, hips slinking back and forth as he stood next to the hammock and pushed it with one hand, rocking Brock on it. "Oh, I just really thought you might want to reconsider our little arrangement, again. Perhaps with some added incentives."

Dale reached down to stroke his fingers along the front of his bulge, which, Brock imagined, probably cost more than his entire wardrobe. The soft fabric was a deep, rich blend of violet and navy blue, with a soft iridescent shimmer that accentuated the depth and bulk of the contents inside.

"I appreciate the offer, Dale, but, as nice as your underwear is... it can't hide that you're kind of a dick."

"I'm offering you ten thousand, Brock. All you gotta do is suck my dick. I know you need it."

Something slapped against Brock's fat balls, sending them spinning wildly. Dale's smirk of arrogance faded, as a yellow creature bounded out from underneath the hammock, jaws wide and teeth bared. Dale shrieked, protecting his face as he staggered backwards, but his soft prey throat wasn't Duke's goal.

R-R-R-RIP! fangs snapped closed, grasping the waistband of Dale's underwear. The dog twisted his head as he bowled between the stag's legs, pulling the waistband down and between Dale's thighs, the high end tailoring no match for a hundred pounds of rolling canine torque. The waistband snapped, and the entire pouch of that jock came with the mouthful in Duke's mouth.

Dale gasped, feeling his cock and balls flop out into the open air, exposed to Brock and.. whatever that creature was. He twisted, finding Duke standing there, that long strip of fabric hanging from his mouth.

"You little shit! Brock, who's dog is this?" Dale stammered, getting down on his knees, one hand cupping under his thickened sheath and pushing it and his plump stag nuts back between his thighs. His underwear was snugly fitting around his hips and buttocks enough that, even without the front of the waistband and the pouch, it was still maintaining its grip around him.

"No clue, I figgered it was yours," Brock said. Duke barked, letting the strip fall and bounding off to the side, and the stag leapt for it. Brock chuckled as he saw Dale debasing himself in the dirt, grasping the strip of cloth and holding it up.

"I think it tore along the seam," Dale muttered, as the yellow dog circled around and skulked up close behind him.

"It's just undies, Dale," Brock said, amused as the dog snuck up on the deer. "Just replace them or whatever."

"These were custom made, Brock, but you wouldn't understand that with bulk twelve pack gray Hanes, would you?" Dale said.

That was when Duke struck. He had been biding his time, getting closer to the treats, tongue lolling as he sized up the big hunks of venison that swayed in their naked sack before him. The deer's thighs tightened as he began to get back to his feet, off of his knees, and Duke leapt forward. Balls were bumped forward and up against that dangling sheath, and the dog's jaws slid around either side of the package, clamping down just behind that sheath.

Dale grunted, looking down at the nose and chin of a dog sticking out on either side of his dick, his balls pushed down the bottom of his sack. He reached for it, and the dog's head yanked backwards. A soft tugging snapping sound, and Dale grunted as the dog disappeared. His dick swung back, swaying through the air. He reached for his balls, curious about the weird tingling sensation he felt, and to make sure that they hadn't been hurt by the dog, who was already bouncing through the bushes back towards the main camp. They weren't there, though. His family jewels, worth countless millions in inheritance of the family name, were gone. Purloined.

"Damn," Brock said, shaking his head with his lips pursed. "That sucks."

"MY BALLS!" Dale stammered. He stood, holding his cock up out of the way and showing the smooth patch where his nuts had hung. "That dog stole them! Brock, he's running away, stop him!"

"Nah. I saw him eat them. Gobbled them down like a stray weiner from the grill. Your balls are dog chow, Dale," Brock said, smirking.

"Oh, did Garam leave?" Demitri asked, glancing around the beach. The lanky cheetah rubbed at his dick, yawning.

"Yeah," Bear said. The small fennec was fussing with a beach chair that refused to unfold. "He said something about needing to check with the bank about something."

"Damn, he would have loved this sunset. And I would have loved sucking his dick," Raj said, the German shepherd stretching his arms up over his head. Lean, sharply defined torso, powerful thighs, and a mass of meat to rival even Brock's resting between them. He smirked as he caught Bear peeking at him, and turned to wiggle his hips at the bear. "Don't be shy, dude. You impressed with a real man's junk?"

Demitri snorted, but he was checking out Raj's junk as well. "Big balls does not a real man make," the feline said. He peeled his sheath back, pushing his hips forward, and jutted a good nine or ten inches of dark, thick feline cock out into the open air. "Now, having a big dick on the other hand, THAT makes you a man."

"Then what's Bear?" Raj said. The canine reached over and twiddled the fennec's soft sheath between his fingers, the way one might hold the butt of a cigarette. "A little boy?"

"I'm twenty five," Bear said stiffly, turning away from Raj. "I'm half your height, bitch, of course my dick is smaller than yours."

"Yours is just smaller, period. Even for your height, you're tiny. I mean, it's nothing to be embarrassed about, lots of dudes have tiny little shrimp dicks." Raj grinned, clearly enjoying watching Bear squirm.

"Dude, come on," Demitri said, irritatedly. "We're all friends here and we're having a good time, don't do none of that 'big dick domination' shit here."

"I'm just teasing," Raj said, but the cheetah shook his head.

"I'm gonna go piss, in the ocean. If I don't get sucked off by a fish or something, I'll be right back," he said, and staggered off into the surf.

Raj watched the cheetah go, then turned back to Bear, and rubbed the back of his neck. "I, uh, didn't mean to make you uncomfortable."

"It's fine," Bear said. "I mean, you are a LOT bigger than me. In every dimension."

Raj grinned, proudly. "You jealous?" He cupped up underneath his nuts. "You can touch them, if you want. They're not going to bite."

Duke watched the goings on from off to the side, by an old abandoned cooler. He watched the cheetah walk into the waves. Wet, noisy, waves. He turned back to the remaining two. Shrimp on the left - small dick, but interesting smell. Probably tasty. On the right though: Balls. Big balls. Big sack holding them, maybe too big.

Duke paced back and forth impatiently, as the dog jostled and juggled his big round dog nuts in his palms. Raj stretched his balls down, murmuring something, and when he released them they pulled back up, tight against his groin.

Balls.

Duke couldn't really hold back anymore. He lunged forward, pattering across the ground towards the two. The big eared one turned to look at him, taking a step back reflexively as the massive canine barrelled down the sand towards the two. Raj was slower, facing away, and he turned just in time to get a jumping dog to the side. Down he went.

Perfect! The german shepherd was on his back, sputtering, and that left his huge balls flopped up on either side of his sheath, pinning it against his belly. The broad, fluted, pointed tip of a surprisingly thick canine kielbasa jutted from the thin, stretched out furry holster, and Duke went for it.

He jammed his snout down into that sheath, teeth sliding smoothly along that pink glossy flesh on either side. There was so much dick in that sheath, all compressed and soft and rubbery, and he wanted all of it. The dog was pushing at his head, trying to get it away, but Duke wasn't going to be very long.

Four inches across and eight inches deep, the canine was finally able to lick down and around the unswollen knot of the canine's shaft, to the slender root. He coiled his tongue there, as his teeth bit down, not too hard, but firmly, against the chewy dense flesh of the canine's cock.

Raj's feet went up in the air as he felt his whole dick being immersed in the dog's toothy maw. The fangs weren't that sharp, but there were a lot of them, digging into his soft cock. "GET OFF!" He snarled, and with a soft tugging yank, the canine bounced away. Something bulged between the dog's cheeks, something thick and potent and pink.

Duke's tongue had lapped fast and slick against that cockroot, the flesh softening even more. He didn't normally grab a dick like this but how could he knot? This canine was larger than him, and he reeked of that pleasant scent that males had, and besides... that scrotum looked WAY too thick for him to lick through.

Duke glurped, slurping and gulping down the thick, flaccid wad of dog dick down his throat, a pink torpedo spearing down into that gurgling, churning stomach. It probably got REALLY big when it was fully hard, but soft and compact like this, all flexible and squeezable, that was like concentrated dick. All the masculinity, none of the filler.

Raj stared at the empty flap of skin that had formerly housed his prize winning cock. He reached in, hooking a finger around the neoprene cuff he had wrapped around his cuff, specifically to keep his dick as thick, but flaccid as possible. The bulge of it slid down out of his sheath, and the empty musky skin flopped to his thigh, completely empty.

"My... dick?"

Bear laughed, and Raj scowled at him. The fennec had one hand over his mouth, and the other pointing at Raj's groin. Raj got angry. How dare this little fucker laugh at this?!

He wasn't pointing at Raj, though. He was pointing at Duke, who had come back for seconds. A cold, wet nose burrowed down into Raj's sheath, and he turned back in time to see the dog using his dick holster as a feed sack. He nosed down, aggressively, pushing and prodding assertively, and Raj yelped as he felt the dog's nose press PAST his sheath... and into his sack.

"No-wait-no-" But you can't tell a dog not to gulp down a treat when it's already at his lips. Duke had found BALLS, and he wasn't going to give them up so easily!

Bear gasped as he watched the left side of Raj's scrotum deflate, the small bulge of the dog's snout pulling back with the much larger, rounded grapefruit of the canine's testicle. There was a wet, slurping, gulping sound, and Bear's cock ~throbbed~ as he saw a big bulge appear in the dog's throat, sliding down it easily. *He was eating Raj's nuts like dog biscuits.* Bear grabbed his cock, as Raj shouted in alarm.

"Bear! Get this dog off of me!" The muscled german shepherd cried, trying to push against the dog's fur, but Duke was too wily, slipping between fingers. Even as Raj grasped his ears, he dug down, punching his snout down into that musky ball bag to find the second treat.

The scrotum clung to his whiskers and lips, trying to hold on to the last aspect of Raj's masculinity, but Duke was determined. Snap! His teeth gripped and lightly dimpled the huge shiny egg, and he tugged back, pulling it with a bulging wet shlorp sound from the stretched, empty sheath. He looked at Raj, proudly, showing off the huge BALL he had claimed, and Raj stared back at him, speechless. As soon as Raj leapt to grasp at the big nut, Duke swung his neck upward, and flung it into the air.

The trailing sperm cord let loose a sparkling arc of pure semen as it swung gracefully through the air, and Duke leapt upwards, up past Raj's reaching hands, to catch the ball in the back of his throat. His jaws snapped closed, and by the time he had landed, the ball had already slid down into his stomach, jamming in next to its brother and further compressing the big puffy pink dick that had gone before them.

Then he turned to Bear. Sauntering slowly, casually, as Raj swore and inspected his denuded groin, Duke stared at the fennec's cute, tight little package. A sweet looking pink dick jutting up above two plump limes, the fennec made no move to try to hide or fight against the dog. Duke licked slowly up over his chops, his tongue cleaning the residue of Raj's sheath from his lips and cheeks as he stared at those soft plums.

Bear, for his part, spread his legs. He watched, mouth open, ears perked far forward and a hot blush on his face as the dog approached and began to sniff and nuzzle against his balls.

"Raj, look, he's going to eat my balls too..." Bear said, as Duke began to lick against the soft cream furred scrotum. The fur dissolved almost instantly, revealing soft white skin, the balls looking so slick and vulnerable.

"Good," Raj snarled, pausing to watch as Duke carefully coiled his tongue around the tender nuggets and dragged them into his mouth.

"No, I just mean," Bear said, gasping as the sharp teeth closed gently against his junk. His hands moved faster, stroking himself as he felt his nuts getting stretched, getting nibbled softly against. Was the canine... watching him? "He's just as excited about eating my berries as he was about your huge nuts. So I guess..."

Duke began to bite down, worrying softly at the flesh that connected Bear to his testes, and Bear began to feel his cock pulse, hot pulses flaring through his body. "I guess it means size doesn't ... hmnnff.... MATTER!"

Bear came, and Duke pulled his mouth away, revealing the lack of balls underneath the bright pink, twitching, oozing shaft in Bear's grip. Raj glared as he watched Bear climaxing, and Bear grinned through the orgasm he was having at the denuded German shepherd.

"What's wrong? Jealous? Of all this dick?" Bear said, angling his dick at his bud and squeezing the knot. A single spurt of clear white slick shot out, clinging against the dog's cheek, and Raj's shocked expression made the fennec laugh.

"Hey guys, what are you doing?" Demitri said, the cheetah returning from his urine break. He grinned as he saw Bear handling his cock, and grabbed at his own. "All right, Bear, breaking out the big guns I see! Nice!" He grinned, swinging all thirteen inches of his soft, limp black feline cock around in a circle. "I hope you don't mind if I add to the... dog? Who's dog is that?"

Duke had bounded up to Demitri, as he was chatting, seemingly interested in that gleaming, glossy, meaty shaft that Demitri was swinging around. Perhaps it was the fresh, slick glaze of the ocean that coated the heavy feline endowments that caught the dog's eyes, or perhaps it was the glimmer from the twin silver barbell piercings in the center of his scrotum and in the middle of the underside of his dick that drew his attention. Either way, Duke had found a brand new friend.

Demitri laughed as the friendly dog nosed that limp hose of a cock up and out of his hand, rubbing his cool slick nose against it.

"Uh.. wedding present for Brock. A really well trained dog," Bear lied, smiling brightly to the lanky cheetah, who had no idea that his friends' genitals were currently stewing in the canine's belly. Raj stared at the fennec, who's ears seemed to be curving inwards like devil horns.

Duke was super affectionate, licking quickly along that tapering length. That tongue gripped and caressed against flesh the way only a hungry animal could, scraping off every bit of salt and flavor from the big long hunk of meat.

"Oh, well, he sure is friendly!" Demitri said, backing away from the canine as his dick began to stiffen and thicken under the attention. "Did he lick you guys, like this?!"

"Oh yeah, let him lick you and he'll get your rocks off!"

"Dude... don't listen to Bear, cheetah," Raj said, but his voice seemed quiet, half hearted. "It's some kind of... magic dog or something, and-"

"Oh, come on, Raj, you're not really THAT jealous of Demitri's dick are you? Come on, you let the dog taste you, let him taste the cheetah too! Not often that dogs get to snack on felines, right?"

Raj opened his mouth to respond, but then closed it, folding his arms sulkily over his chest. Cheetah DID have a big dick. Maybe it WAS time to see it get taken down a couple inches. Or all of them.

"Uh, okay," Demitri said, then gasped as he looked down. The canine had somehow bounced that big dick up into the air, and had opened wide, so that the tip of that black, glossy bone had landed at the back of his throat. The dog's teeth snapped down, fangs digging and chewing into the firm dense flesh of the cheetah's bone. "Oh... uh.. Uhhhh...."

The cheetah began to hyperventilate, eyes wide as the dog chewed up the length of his perfect shaft. "Guys, did he.... do this..."

Duke wasn't biting hard. It was more testing the density, the way he would one of his chew toys. Teeth dug against firm rubbery flesh, not quite piercing, but dimpling and digging against it. It wouldn't take much more pressure than that to sink into the flesh, and Demitri knew it.

"Oh no, he wasn't chewing on us at all," Bear said. "Dang he's trying to find the squeaker or something, isn't he!"

The cheetah tried to withdraw his big, prized black dick, but Duke had worked his way up half of it and when Demitri pulled at the base, the dog growled threateningly. "Guys, what do I do?!"

"You gotta distract him with an even better treat," Raj said, knowingly. "You got anything you can waggle at him?"

"Waggle at him!?" Demitri said, his tail lashing through the air behind him as he watched four more inches of prized cheetah cock disappear between firmly chewing, squeezing, scraping teeth. "Guys he's like EATING my dick!"

"He's just chewing on it, really," Bear corrected him, "But hey, show him your balls... if he drops your cock, to go for them, you can just jump out of the way!"

"Ugh, no, oh god I'm getting so hard," Demitri confessed, his shaft at full erection. The way the dog was chewing, tugging at it, he could feel it pulling deep in his groin, the tendons stretching slightly as the dog playfully pulled against his shaft. He didn't want the dog to eat his dick, but if he tried to pull out, it might just lop off the tip.

He couldn't allow that, he couldn't bear to think about his sensitive feline cock tip being eaten, chewed up into mash by some mangy dog! He stepped back, the dog walking with him and growling around its big beefy mouthful of cheetah cock. The worst part was that, even though it hurt, it also felt good to the poor pent up cheetah. He had to get his dick out of the dog's mouth before he busted his load, he would NEVER live that down. He grabbed under his plump scrotum, gripping and squeezing it by the neck, stretching his nuts down as rough and firmly as he could so that he could lift them up, around the base of his dick.

"H-hey boy, don't THESE look... umm.. tastier?" He couldn't believe he was tempting a dog, but it seemed to get the canine's attention. The lab stared at the plump testes, absently gnawing and chewing on the thick dark glossy skin of Demitri's cock. The lanky cheetah realized, with a throb, that the distraction was working. "Yeah, you want these?" He prepared to step backwards and tug his dick free, he just needed to distract the canine.

Duke opened his mouth, and Demitri's sigh of relief died in his throat as, rather than releasing his cock, he lunged upwards, managing to snake his tongue out and around the fat apples in Demitri's palm. The long thin tongue spatulated between the testicles and the cheetah's palm, prying them loose simply and easily, to flop into the dog's open mouth, right on top of his cock.

Shlorp. The whole package came free with surprising ease, like a loose tooth finally released from its bony perch. The sensation of the thick root of his shaft, sliding out of his groin, sliding against the inside of his sheath and then flopping dark and silvery in the air, brought Demitri to his knees. He reached for his lost package, feeling the smooth skin that remained after everything had been taken, as the canine threw his head back and horked that whole package down his throat like a large prized fish, freshly caught.

Duke was having a blast. Who knew so many BALLS could be found in one area, just hanging out in the open, ready to be gobbled up? A squirrel and chipmunk who were making out in a tire swing found the canine's muzzle jumping up through the rubber ring, snagging all four balls in a loop of tongue, then clamping down and pulling them off. A golden retriever who was surreptitiously trying to stroke one out behind a sand dune found his balls snatched just as they were tightening up. A panther was so busy attempting to seduce a lion that he didn't even feel it as his prize winning lemons were snatched up from between his legs. The lion did, but didn't say anything, his smirk turning to dismay as he felt the dog's cold nose press up against his nuts from behind. Gulp.

While all of that was going on, the four most eligible (remaining) bachelors of the party were standing around the campfire, listening to the laughter, shouts of dismay and shock, and moans.

"Man, whatever is going on out there, everyone seems to be having a great time, huh?" A peregrine falcon said, as he handed a flask of whiskey to a fluffy furred ram. "Is that fireball, Riley?"

"Yeah," Riley said, taking a swig himself and then baring his teeth. "Thought it fit in with the fall themes." He handed it to a shorter fox next to him, then nodded and gestured to a peculiar hybrid that was leaning against a tree, trying to twist his hips to show off the pronounced, thickened sheath that hung down over a fat, rounded pair of tennis-balls. "Achaius, he's not going to notice your junk if you're standing like that."

Achaius, who resembled a leopard with draconic features, blushed and gestured to the ram. He glanced at the ferret that was chatting with a tanuki nearby, green horns scraping against the bark of the tree he was leaning against.

"He's not going to get what he wants if he doesn't just walk to him and *take* it," the ram groused, reaching down to palm against the satin-smooth black flesh of his dangling eggs. They were the second lowest hanging pair of nuts of the group, two long mangoes coddled between thick wooled thighs. Somewhere nearby, bushes rustled as something trotted through them, eagerly chasing after a rat man who was fleeing from a cute dog with an insatiable appetite.

"The ferret's not gonna notice, because Achaius is hung like a chihuahua," the fox said, taking a long swig."

"He's not that small," Jax said, and honestly Achaius wasn't. The gang knew he was at least a foot long, when he was fully hard, and soft he was still somewhere in the seven inch range. "I mean, he's clearly just soft right now."

"He's big compared to you," Lucas said, the fox grinning that pearly white grin that foxes were notoriously good at. "But, you know, not compared to *me*."

The fox took another quick gulp, handing it back to Riley. The ram took another swig, feeling goosebumps curl over the naked skin of his pouch as, off in the distance, a startled squeak announced Riley's promotion to MOST lowest hanging sack.

"Prove it," Riley said, with the tone of someone who was used to daring the exhibitionist fox to prove his endowments. It happened frequently.

Lucas yipped, as he gripped his soft, fluffy sheath in one hand, stroking it firm and fast against the reddened tip of his cock. His dick slid out, a brilliant rose red, and thicker than most. "Yeah, there we go. Do you measure up, Jax? You got as much as I do?"

"I.." Jax squawked softly as he eyed up that big piece of meat. Lucas was thicker than his wrist, and his knot wasn't even out of his sheath, and the heavy nuts between his legs, they just cried out for fingers to stroke them and fists to crush them. The dumb fox had no idea how close he's been to losing his junk to the horny falcon. "I Mean, yeah, of course I'm that big." He gestured to his own cock, the dark foreskinned length hanging down limply over his soft white pouch.

He didn't measure up, but he was flaccid, so, it was explainable. The way that Lucas was caressing his length, though, Jax could feel himself pudging up, slightly. He glanced at Riley, trying to distract himself, but the ram was ALSO engorged, the smirking caprine's dick pointing up in the air.

"What's wrong, Jax? You don't look that big. And you're sooo much taller than me, surely you must be bigger, just by default, right?" Lucas pressed, grinning wider.

Jax's cheeks blushed, his dick pudging up even more. "I'm much much bigger than you, I just, um," he grabbed the flask from Riley and downed a mouthful of hot cinnamon mash. "I just got whiskey dick is all," he stammered.

The rustling sound returned, and a golden furred dog with a distended abdomen padded out of the woods. His belly swayed from side to side, and of course who could guess that there were over twenty pounds of testicles and six pounds of dick, stewing away in that swollen, churning stomach? Duke padded heavily over to Lucas, as the fox taunted Jax, and began licking up along that thick, half-hard red cock. His quicksilver tongue slipped down between those fingers, and into the fox's sheath, licking deeply along the inside of the vulpine's shaft, all the way to the root.

Lucas looked down, mouth open in surprise. "The fuck, get this dog outta here!" He grabbed the dog by the cheeks and pulled, tugging the canine's head away as his thick red dick swayed and sagged left and right like a metronome.

Riley turned down to look, watching as the dog lurched out of Lucas' grip and circled around behind him. The dog was licking his chops as he eyed those fat nuts dangling underneath the fox's heavy cock, and Riley canted his head to the side as the dog moved in.

Lucas didn't seem to notice the tongue that lapped lazily against the back of his balls, curling and swirling against the flesh. He seemed to have no idea that his prized cubmakers were being tugged and drawn back between the canine's jaws as he turned back to Jax.

"Well, I'm hard now..." Lucas said, smirking even more as Jax's jaw dropped as he stared. "Are you ready to get hard too?" Distantly, he felt something tug against something, but it was in the back of his mind, and not nearly as important as showing this dumb bird who's dick was bigger.

Lucas' primed fox nuts came off without much fuss, and Duke snatched them from the air, enjoying the way his teeth compressed the BALLS into the back of his mouth, sliding down a throat that was getting raw and sore from gobbling so many big pieces of meat. The amount of sperms that were digesting in Duke's belly were in the quadrillions at this point. It was the greatest genocide of quantum hereditary futures that had been witnessed since the time Charn had been accidentally chosen as a judge for the "Hoofer Wet Undies" contest.

Jax's cock throbbed to half hard as he watched Lucas' big balls get gobbled up.

"Yeah, that's what I thought," Lucas jeered, as the dog struggled to gulp down his two testicles just behind him, "You love seeing a big guy like me showing off, don't you? Come on, little man, I can see you pudging up. Don't tell me you're already at full size, are you?"

Jax was watching Duke, and Duke, finishing his meal, turned back to look at him. They locked eyes, and then Duke looked down at the falcon's genitals, and his tail began to wag.

*'Oh shit. Don't get hard,'* Jax thought, as Duke loped over and began to lick against his naked, foreskin sheathed dick. His tongue was slick, warm, and pleasantly tactile, and it was making the poor bird react. He was getting hard.

"You're like, not even half my size," Lucas said, tauntingly. "I thought you were a big man? You're not even a boy. I've eaten shrimp bigger than your dick."

Jax grunted as he felt the dog's mouth wrap around his nuts, lapping and gnawing. Teeth pressing, teasing, pulling against his eggs. He could feel them, being stretched and pulled down, like a black hole stretching them into the back of the dog's mouth. It didn't even hurt, though, the stretching felt good, so what- *SNAP.*

*Shit.*

He was castrated. He knew it, didn't even have to look down, and worse than that, he could feel his dick SURGING with the humiliation of being castrated right in front of his friends, without even trying to stop it.

Jax made a silent prayer and grabbed his dick, bending it back down to the dog that was still between his legs. He gave a quick, quiet whistle, the kind of whistle that made the dog's ears perk but which nobody else noticed.

*'Oh please, oh please, help me out here bro,'* Jax hoped, as the dog's licking tongue resumed lapping against his shaft. Snap. Teeth dug into the base, as he squawked and pretended to be surprised. "Wha- oh my gosh, this DOG is- Oh no!"

His dick came off like a lego piece, a glimpse of dark skin in the back of the dog's throat, and then it was gone. Jax staggered backwards.

"What the, where's your dick?!" Lucas asked, and Jax shook his head.

"The dog.. I was about to show you how big I can get, but he... ate it! Bad... bad dog!" Jax scolded the canine, who absolutely didn't care and was already moving on to Riley.

The ram snorted, and cupped up under his massive stones, lifting them up and away from the dog. Perhaps being a prey species, he was more prepared at the idea that his big, meaty testicles were a potential food source. "I would 'never' get caught getting neutered like that. These aren't for puppies!" He scolded the dog, who braced downwards, tail wagging as if expecting Riley to throw his handfuls like a toy.

Riley shook his head, as Jax shakily investigated the smoothness at his groin. "I was REALLY big, though, you should have seen it. Oh well, what a shame," he said, smiling to himself.

Duke lunged upwards, and Riley yanked his mangoes up and out of the way, shaking his head. "I said these aren't for you! Now, stop begging!"

Duke was whining, and licking at the back of the ram's pouch, the part that hadn't been cupped by his palms. Riley chortled and twisted away, but Duke followed him, softly nipping, licking submissively against the underside of that bag. He was giving his biggest, softest puppy eyes, too, begging Riley to just release the BALLS and let him gobble them up, but Riley wasn't about to fall for that.

The ram's dick was thickening at the attention, and he pushed his nuts up against it, sneering at Jax. "I dunno why you just let a dog eat your junk, I guess you knew that it can't compEEK!"

Duke had moved on to plan B. As Riley played keep-away, Duke was worrying and burrowing up from underneath, his tongue lapping away fur, and then skin, from the underside of the neck of his sack. Two thick, potent cords, dark red and plump with unspent seed, were bared, and that's where Duke struck. Snagging both of the cords, hooking the left ones behind his upper fangs and the right ones behind his lower fangs, he bit down.

The ram yelped, feeling the big smooth slippery eggs in his hand shift, as they were tugged down, from inside the sack. He stared in amazement as his scrotum collapsed in on itself, the broadly stretched black skin crumpling inwards into a wilted, limp bouquet of pure skin.

Duke pranced out from underneath his hands, with two swaying ovals dangling tauntingly from his smirking jaws. His tongue stretched out, curling around the underside of both, and lapped both of the huge rounded meatballs into his gullet and out of sight.

"PFFT! What were you saying about 'letting a dog eat your junk'?" The fox said, laughing as he grabbed at his own nuts to show them off. He hadn't really compared to Riley before, but now he probably had the biggest nuts of the group. *(Editor's note: Achaius had the biggest balls of the group, being that he was the only one of the four who still had any)* The smug smirk on his face froze as his fingers slipped through the open air where his balls were supposed to be. His back stiffened, and after a moment of careful consideration, that vulpine cleverness kicked in.

"Heh. Well. Joke's on you, ain't it? I wasn't planning on having kids anyways. With a huge dick like this, the only thing that keeps the girls away is their fear of being knocked up anyways. I'm gonna score *so much pussy,* now that I've verified seedless." He stroked his dick, closing his eyes and smiling wide, imagining ALL the hot girls who were gonna want to ride his dick. His dick was so thick now, fully hard, the big knot just about to slide out of his sheath.

Of course, the dog had licked into that sheath a good five minutes earlier, and that pool of spit he had slathered into that snug crevice had collected at the very root of it, where the knot of the fox's cock narrowed down into the slender root. The peculiar fleshcrafty capabilities of the dog's drool was enough to weaken that firm root, not enough to be noticed because the cock was being held in by the fox's sheath. As he peeled his fattened bulbs out from that dicksock, though, that put all the tension on that root, which was soft like warm taffy.

In short, his entire dick came free in his hand, his sheath drooping away from the base to reveal the severed end of it.

"What in the goddamned fuck is this?!" He sputtered, his thick, heavy shaft throbbing dark and red in his grip one last time, as if it was saying goodbye.

Duke slunk up to him, and, eyes focused entirely on Lucas', he gently grasped the root of the fox's dismembered penis between his jaws. He tugged, slightly, and it slid out of Lucas' grasp, the weight of it causing it to flop down and hang from the front of the canine's muzzle like a loose tongue. ONly for a moment, though, as all three denuded males watched him snap into the firm cannon, the thick pudgy flesh being snapped and gulped down like so many others before it.

The inside of Duke's belly was a slurry of molten virility and throbbing gonads that had not gotten one last chance to empty out, but there was still more to eat, and Duke was a dog, and dogs always wanted treats.

"So, uh, you were saying?" Jax asked, softly, but with a smugness that cut the deflated fox. "You know, about, uh, 'not letting animals eat your junk'?"

"Yeah," Riley said, as Lucas blushed deeply, the potency between his legs reduced to just a musky sheath. "You were saying something about that, I feel, something you had strong opinions on."

"I hate you guys," Lucas muttered.

Achaius crossed his arms over his chest, hearing his buds mumbling and chatting about dicks and balls, but completely fixated on that cute ferret. Tekkel, that was his name, and he was soooo dooky, and so wiggly. Achaius had been discretely positioning himself, trying to get the ferret to notice, but the ferret was totally fixated on that dumb tanuki's bag of tricks. He just didn't get it. He was half draconic, so he was just as 'mythical' as some dumb raccoon-spirit, right? He had polished his horns for this party, and he just couldn't seem to attract ANY attention.

That yellow dog he had seen earlier came over, nosing aggressively at his hand, which he had rested under his nuts, trying to cup them provocatively. Achaius looked down at the decidedly plumper canine, who looked up at him happily, tail wagging.

"Oh, well, at least YOU want my attention, eh?" He chuckled, reaching to pet the canine.

Duke dodged the friendly pat, and like he had everyone else, jammed his snout directly into Achaius' groin and began lapping.

"Hey, Achey, better avoid that dog!" Jax called over, and Achaius blushed as he realized that the canine was lapping at his junk *intentionally.* He looked over to the others, to reassure them that he wasn't enjoying it or anything, but when he did, he saw what the canine had done. All of them were missing their balls, and Lucas' sheath was noticeably empty. There was no way to hide THAT kind of missing. Jax probably still had his dick - it was kind of hard to see it anyways, but all of his friends were NUTLESS.

"Where are all of ... you... oh no." He looked down, but his balls were already squarely in the dog's mouth. Duke wagged his tail, braced his back legs, and tug-tugged, like he would with a rope toy, and Achaius squeaked as he was dragged with the first tug, away from the tree, and fell back against it as his balls popped off with the second tug.

He watched the dog gobble down those rubbery tennis-balls of his, hearing a "What the..." from the ferret. Achaius looked up, seeing the ferret staring at him with a perplexed expression on their face. "Did you just...?"

Achaius didn't know what to do or say, feeling his ears burning deeply red, as his cock answered for him. A shot of precum squirted from the end, directly towards the ferret, and the tanuki covered his mouth in a giggle.

"Wait, it's not.. I didn't like that..." Achaius stammered, as Duke bounded off, towards the ferret and tanuki. "STOP THAT DOG! He ate my balls!"

The ferret and the tanuki were helpless to stop the canine. In fact, they made it even harder for Achaius to get his breeding organs back, as soon their own plump pouches (egg and grapefruit sized, respectively) were stuffed down on top of his, pushing them deeper into the dog's belly.

Brock's party was a disaster. After Dale had stormed off, vowing to have the bull billed for his tailoring fee, Brock had needed to extricate himself from the hammock. Only, surreally, his testicles had started drooping, as he held and cupped them. Each time he let one go it sagged closer to the ground, and he was having a devil of a time getting the balls back up through the rope webbing of the hammock.

Off to the right, he heard a shock of dismay, a faint "My balls!" emphasizing the scene. Brock shook his head.

"Better you than me, buddy," he muttered. He was admittedly in a bad position. If the dog came back for HIS balls, he would not be able to protect them. At this point, he could probably sling them over his shoulder. The scrotum and the cords inside it were just stretching more and more, the skin getting softer and thinner each time he held it.

"Need some help there, buddy?"

Brock nodded, grateful for the assistance. It was dark out now, and he hadn't been able to see exactly who it was, but he could smell the scent of popcorn on the big fella. "It's my balls, they're stuck... can you help push them up through the webbing, if I hold the ropes apart?"

"You want me to play with your balls?" The feline chuckled, kneeling down and scooping up the huge eggs, just before they would have touched the ground. "Damn, yeah, I can help with that. Fuck, dude, these are massive. You been jelqing or something?"

Brock grimaced as his sheath stirred. Holding his own nuts was nothing, but he had been withholding from sex for so long that even this random dude's fingers were feeling good now. "Something like that. More like forced abstinence. Here, now shove them up through the rope..."

"Yeah, yeah," the feline said, one big bull ball in each of his hands. "These things are as big as my head. If I were a younger tiger, you'd be in so much trouble, heh."

Brock coughed, feeling the hackles going up on the back of his neck. "Uh, yeah, well, I mean, help me out of this and we can discuss how I'll 'repay' you..." he tugged the ropes further apart. "Come on, just slide them up through the rope."

"Sure, sure," the feline said, as he brought them up to his mouth. He licked slowly up the crease between them, a deep throttle purr as he perved out on the groom's massive cum tanks. Then, he whistled. Not like, an appreciative wolf whistle, or something like that. He whistled like he was calling for his dog.

"Dude... what are you doing," Brock said, as he heard rustling as something bounded through it.

"This is pretty much your last chance to jack off. I'd take it," the tiger said, not unkindly, as Duke skidded to a stop next to the two men.

"No... wait, just put it up through the rope. What are you doing?!" Brock said, disbelieving as he watched the tiger hold his balls up to the dog, as if offering to them.

"Don't worry about that..." The tiger said, as he shifted to rest the left nut between his thighs and against his sheath, holding Brock's right nut in both hands. He angled it, and Duke jumped for it, teeth digging into the achingly full, rock-hard nut, slurping it up out of the tiger's hand. The feline pulled his hands away, watching as Brock's prize winning nut slipped into a huge bulge in Duke's throat, deforming the weird dog before sinking out of sight.

Brock could feel his nut, being held and squeezed, gripped on all sides as the dog's throat slurped it further and further down. He was watching his huge gonads being devoured by a dog, and he couldn't do a damn thing about it. He could feel the tiger's erection rubbing against his remaining nut, before the feline lifted it up and away, offering it to the canine.

The bull had never been harder.

"No, don't..." He said, half heartedly, as the tiger fed his other nut to Duke. The clamp, the casualness of the canine gulping down his nut, the total disregard for his virility. "I saved up for a month, please, don't let him..."

"Already out of my hands," the tiger said, holding them up to show it was. Brock stared at the long tether of scrotum that swooped down from his groin, through the hammock and tethered into the dog's mouth. He could feel his nuts, jammed into an amazingly warm, slick place. They were being massaged against, and he could tell, even with the limited sensitivity of his scrotum, that his balls were being massaged and rubbed against by all of the nuts and dicks of his other guests and friends. He had joined them.

Brock reached for his dick, to stroke out one last load. He wanted to know what it felt like, to feel his cum surge up his cords from six feet away, but Duke had other ideas. The canine bounced away, the bull's scrotum snapping tautly, and stretching intensely. Six feet, seven, nine feet away, and he felt the whole taut scrotum tug free, peeling away from his groin and leaving him with a smooth patch where his massive balls had dangled for so long.

They were gone. The long scrotum trailed behind the dog, as Duke bounded off into the trees, and the tiger stood up, smirking widely.

"What about... your balls...." Brock said, weakly, staring at the tiger's groin. He wasn't nearly as big as Brock had been, in cock or balls, but he still had them, and Brock was envious of that soft white pouch between the feline's legs. "He's gonna come back for yours..."

"Nah. I trained him, after all." Charn said, winking in the dark to the denuded bull. "He's very well trained to only eat sacks that have *two* balls in them." He cupped and squeezed his groin, showing the big nut that filled the right side of it. It was the very last testicle at the party, in fact. Thirty pairs had been gobbled up by clever canine. Duke was the *very best* boy, after all.